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King Olaf's Christmas

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring
As he sat in his banquet hall,
Drinking the nut-brown ale
With his bearded Berserks, hale
And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
He held with bishops and priests,
And his horn filled up to the brim;
But the ale was never too strong,
Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
For him.

O'er his drinking horn the sign
He made of the cross divine,
As he drank and muttered his prayers;
But the Berserks evermore
Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
Over theirs.

The gleams of the firelight dance
Upon helmet and hauberk and lance,
And laugh in the eyes of the King;
And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
Gray-bearded, wrinkled and bald,
"Sing!

"Sing me a song divine,
With a sword in every line,
And this shall be thy reward!"
And he loosened the belt at his waist,
And in front of the singer placed
His sword.

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
And loud through the music rang
The sound of that shining word;
And the harp strings a clangor made
As if they were struck with the blade
Of a sword.

And the Berserks 'round about
Broke forth into a shout
That made the rafters ring.
They smote with their fists on the board,
And shouted, "Long live the Sword
And the King!"

But the King said, "O my son,
I missed the bright word in one
Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
And Halfred the Scald replied,
"In another 'twas multiplied
Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt
Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
And said: "Do not refuse;
Count well the gain and the loss,
Thor's Hammer or Christ's Cross:
Choose!"

And Halfred the Scald said, "This
In the name of the Lord I kiss,
Who on it was crucified!"
And a shout went 'round the board,
"In the name of Christ the Lord,
Who died!"

Then over the waste of snows
The noon-day sun uprose,
Through the driving mists revealed,
Like the lifting of the Host,
By incense clouds almost
Concealed.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
From the hilt of the lifted sword;
And in the foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank, "Was-hael
To the Lord!"

—Buck.

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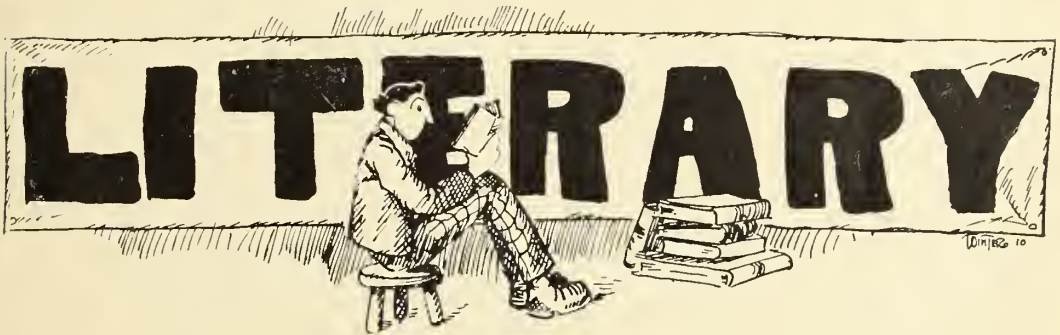
CALIFORNIA SCHOOL OF MECHANICAL ARTS

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“All’s Well That Ends Well”

“I guess that black is the meanest thing in your string, isn’t it, ‘Prent’?”

“No, he’s all right until something goes wrong. Whenever I spur him up quick, or take down my reata, he throws his head down between his forelegs and goes to it about as hard and quick as anything I ever rode.”

“Well, look out for him. Don’t let him get the best of you. That’s all I have to say.”

The two pulled down their broad rimmed sombreros, knotted their bandanas tightly around their necks, and rode together in silence against the storm. It was the middle of November. The snow was already lying on the soft sod of the South Fork Valley. It had not yet fastened its hold upon the rocky slopes that on all sides surrounded this magnificent ranch. But here and there in the most exposed parts it had begun to pile up. This was the time of the year when the cattle, which had been freely roaming the range since spring, began of their own accord to turn homeward. They knew well, from past years of experience, that man had stored up thousands of tons of meadow grass hay, to save them from the starvation threatening them on the range.

To-day the boys of the “Diamond D” started out to round up the last stragglers. They separated into small companies in order to cover the greatest area possible, and thus we find Prentiss Fox and Jim Nason approaching the mouth of Crook’s Canyon.

"Well, I guess I'll go up the canyon," suggested Prentiss, breaking the silence. "You can ride the lava beds and we'll meet at the lone juniper in about an hour."

"Nothing doing, old man," protested Jim. "I'm riding a gentle horse, and so I'll take the canyon. That cayuse of yours would turn about sixty-five somersaults before you passed the first cave."

"He won't do anything of the kind," insisted Fox. "He'll go where I tell him to. If I can't ride this, I want to know it, and I'll hunt a job hoeing corn in Nebraska."

They had nearly reached the mouth of the ravine, when Jim suggested, "You'd better tighten your cinch; it's worked loose."

"That's easily said, but my fingers are so cold that I can't roll a cigarette, much less wrestle with my 'latigo.' So long," and Prentiss on his high strung black, started up the rough gulch. Twenty years before, this same place had been the scene of the bloodiest battle ever fought between the Modoc Indians and General Crook's heroic regiment of cavalry.

His half-broken horse had been peaceable enough, as long as he was in the company of another, but now he began to show his vicious nature by turning many times from his course and whinneying long and loud for his mate. When jerked unceremoniously back into the trail, he switched his tail and laid back his ears in a manner that predicted trouble.

The eyes of his rider were intently searching every nook and corner of the desolate gulch. He was finally rewarded by the sight of four red "cow brutes." They were on the south slope and as he headed toward them, they from their wild instinct, turned and fled.

In an instant his quirt and spurs were urging the horse on in order to work around them and head them in the direction of the lone juniper. It was a wild race over treacherous and slippery ground. The horse was forced to jump rocks and brush at almost every stride. Prentiss realized that his saddle was slipping. But he also saw that the cattle were getting by him, and no cowboy, worthy of the name, would allow any danger to prevent him from heading them off. With the sleet beating in his face, he blindly urged his horse to greater and greater efforts until the broncho, now as eager as his rider, fairly flew over the rocky slope. They were neck to neck as they reached the steep side of the chasm. If he could once get above them, they would be forced to turn in the right direction. With a loud cowboy yell and a great swing of the quirt, he bounded swiftly up the steep side. At every jump of the frantic horse, he felt the saddle slip further and further back. The cattle hesitated in their flight. He was winning. Just a few strides more and, with a stinging blow in the flank, the horse leaped madly upward. It was one leap too many.

The cinch having slid back to the smaller part of the horse's body, left the saddle entirely loose. The impetus of the last bound sent him upon his haunches. Terrified he reared straight into the air and, whirling completely around, plunged down the side of the precipice. Prentiss, conscious of his perilous position, shook his feet clear of the stirrups and prepared to meet the inevitable. The horse struck the ground fifty feet below and broke his neck. Fifty feet below him the rider lay still with a little stream of blood trickling from his forehead.

* * * * *

Needless to say, Jim Nason reached the lone juniper first. He had gathered quite a herd of cattle from the lava beds. They stood about with heads lowered, while through the long, cold hours their herder waited for his companion.

Chilled through and aching in nerve and bone, Jim started his captives homeward by way of Crook's Canyon. He hoped to meet Prentiss on the way, but could not understand why he was so late. Slowly they made their way

against the blizzard, and slower still, did they wind their way down the treacherous slopes. Bringing four head into his band, Jim wondered why Prentiss had overlooked them. Traveling slowly so as not to fag the little calves, the long, single-file procession made its way down the canyon. Suddenly with loud snorts, the leaders left the trail, and the whole band was off at breakneck speed, as though running from some imminent danger. Jim followed them as fast as he could over the rough country until he chanced upon the object that had caused the stampede. He leaped from the saddle and knelt beside the prostrate form of Prentiss Fox.

* * * * *

With the scraping of air brakes and a loud exhaust of steam, the old-fashioned engine slowly brought its weather-beaten train to a halt alongside the snow-covered station at Alturas.

The first passenger to alight was a bright faced girl of twenty-two, who was immediately surrounded by a host of friends awaiting her arrival.

"By heck, Miss Baley, we're glad to see ye back," exclaimed a young man with a celluloid collar and a two-bit necktie.

"I'm glad to be back," she answered. "I thought vacation never would come. Harry, you're getting more handsome every year," she said to the gawky farmer that towered above her. After a hurried greeting to all her old friends, she hastened with outstretched arms to greet Jim Nason, who stood a little distance from the rest.

"O, Jim," she cried, her hands on the shoulders of the embarrassed cow puncher, "It's mighty good to see you again. Is this our team? My! What dandy ponies. Let's start. I can hardly wait to get back to the ranch and Uncle John."

The congenial pair were soon making their way up the winding road, recalling the many good times they had had together.

"Oh! Look, Jim," she said at length, "this is the place where I had my runaway. I'll never forget how Prentiss came to my rescue that awful day. How is Prentiss? Is he still riding colts?" Jim did not answer. She saw his smile fade, and noticed him gazing blankly ahead. "Why, Jim, what has happened?" she cried, taking hold of his arm.

"Well, I wasn't intending to tell you, Miss Baley. But I don't think Prent. will ride again."

She was too deeply moved to speak and when Jim finally turned and looked at her, he realized that he was not the only one in that rough country that cared for the unfortunate lad. He told her all that had happened since the accident; how his young friend was sinking lower and lower, and what he feared would be the outcome, if Doctor Gibson was left on the case.

"You leave Prentiss to me, you dear old fellow," she said, "and don't worry."

"That's a go, Miss Baley," and Jim urged his team on to hide his emotion.

When they finally arrived at the ranch house, her uncle greeted her warmly. She hurried through these greetings and made her way to the room which Jim had told her was occupied by the sick boy. The door was locked, but in answer to her loud knock Doctor Gibson came out and locked the door after him.

"No, Ma'am," he said in his broken English, "ye can't go in thar. That's a sick boy in thar," and as Uncle Baley approached, he continued, addressing them both, "I can't do nothin' with a man what kicks at his medicine. How can I cure him when he won't take mor' 'an half of what I prescribe." Without further remarks the doctor left, and started on his long trip back to Alturas.

"What does he prescribe?" asked Helen of her Uncle, when the doctor had noisily shuffled out.

"A quart of whisky a day, and orders that he see no one," was the reply.

"Uncle," said the girl, blushing as she told her first real lie, "I have been studying medicine this whole year and I want to take charge of this case myself."

Uncle John's protests were of no avail. He finally opened the door and they walked in. Prentiss was sitting straight up in bed. His face was red and his eyes bloodshot.

"Mr. Baley," he cried, "have they got my saddle, yet?"

"Yes, my boy," was the gentle answer.

"I don't believe it. I want to see it," and for no reason other than exhaustion he put his hands up to his face and wept convulsively. Helen motioned her uncle out of the room and closed the door. Drawing a chair to the bedside, she said in a mocking tone:

"I'd be ashamed to cry before a girl."

"Well, if you're a girl, you have no business in here," he promptly retorted. "Can't you see what's the matter with me? I'm drunk. Can't you see those bottles lined up on the table? I'm that much behind the schedule, and I've got to catch up."

"Oh, no, you don't," she said. Raising the window she threw them out, one after the other, as far as she could. He watched her intently and then remarked, "I guess Gibson will break your face."

Without reply, she loosened the bandages from around his head and bathed his wounds with a softness of touch, so different from the quack doctor's rough methods, that he lay back gazing intently at her until his eyes closed and he was lost in sleep.

Her few but explicit directions were carefully carried out, especially the one given to the cowboys, not to let Gibson through the front gate. It took two or three days for the effect of the whisky to wear off. Then he noticed how daintily she prepared his meals; how neat and tidy his room had become. He began to be ashamed of his untrimmed beard and untidy hair. The blood had not even been washed off his stained hands until she arrived. The winter to him was gone, and spring with its sunshine and flowers surrounded him.

"She was even so kind as to read to me, nearly all day long," he told Jim one night when his old chum came to see him.

Thursday a letter came for him, which he asked Miss Baley to put in the box with his other mail. She obeyed his bidding without question, but was surprised to find all his mail unopened. Later in the afternoon she gained courage to ask him if he would let her read them to him.

For reply, he turned his face from her and was silent.

"Prentiss," she said, taking the sick man's hand in hers, "is it because you don't trust me?"

"Trust you!" he exclaimed suddenly. "Why, Miss Baley, I—" and then he added softly, "they're from my mother and I know what they say."

It was now her turn to be silent. She saw his lips tremble and the tears come into his eyes. Though not understanding, she realized that she was treading upon sacred ground. He was the one who finally broke the silence and said: "I am wrong. Please read them to me."

She assorted them according to the dates, and with a full heart, read one after the other those messages of love that the mother sent to her wandering boy. As she finished the last one, which begged so earnestly that he return to spend this Christmas with them, she looked searchingly at the patient, and saw a true, devoted son of a refined mother, far away, but always present to him.

His cheeks flushed, a strange light shone in his eyes, he stared blankly at the wall, then with a deep breath, Prentiss, the sturdy youth broke down, and wept like a child. Helen, stirred to the utmost and all but weeping, put the letters back into the box and returned to the bedside with a pad and pencil.

"Of course you are going to answer," she said gently.

Prentiss shook his head. "It wouldn't be any use," he said, musingly. "I can't go back and even my own mother can not know the reason."

"Well, if you won't answer, I will," and she repeated as she wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Fox,

"Prentiss will not come home. He doesn't care for home any more."

"Stop!" he cried. "God only knows I do. That's why I can't write. O, Miss Baley, if I could only tell you what it's all about, but—I can't—I can't."

"But you will," she said simply.

"Yes, Miss Baley, I will. Charlie is my brother. He is two years younger than I, and if either had to leave home it was I, wasn't it?"

"But why either?"

"Because we can't be together. Charles and I are so different that"—his voice changed, his face tightened—"if we were together, do you know what I would do?"

She saw such a fierce look of hatred upon his face that she drew from him.

"O, why did you make me tell you?" he moaned. "You hate me, you hate me. Oh! that I had not told you. See what it has cost me——"

"What?" she said, coming swiftly towards him. "You know in your own heart that such a feeling is wrong. It isn't natural; it isn't right."

"What can I do?" he cried in desperation.

"Love thy brother as thyself."

"I can't," he moaned.

"Yes, you can," she said. "You love your mother, you love your father, and your brother."

"Helen," he said fervently, clasping her hand, "all I know is that I love you."

For a moment she stood motionless, confused, surprised, while he continued, "I believe that you can make me love my brother—can make me do anything you will. Listen to me, Helen. My life has been a mistake. I never realized it not till this moment, but now I do, and I swear that, from the day I leave this room, I will be a different man. I will live right, and there will come a time when you won't be ashamed—". His voice faltered. Words failed him. Helen knelt by the bedside and looking into his eyes replied, "The time has come."

A week later Mrs. Fox received the following telegram:

"Alturas, December 18, 1907.

"Mrs. Christopher Fox.

"Expect wife and myself Christmas eve. PRENTISS."

ANDREW DAVIS, JR., '11.



Bum, The Newsboy's Dog

The sharp wind was blowing and howling outside as I drew a chair up to the window in my cozy room. A little newsboy stood under my window and I heard him call out from time to time to passing pedestrians, "Paper, Sir?" His little hands were purple with cold and he vainly strove to keep them in the pockets of his coat, long grown too small for him. A small, shaggy dog stood near him, gnawing a bone.

A young man walked briskly up the street. He stopped short and looked at the dog, who began sniffing and jumping about him. "Say, boy, where did you get that dog?" he asked.

"Why, he just followed us home one night. You see there's three of us. We take turns standing on this corner and the dog stands with each of us in turn. I guess he's lost. He had a blue ribbon around his neck when we found him. But, you don't know where he belongs, do you?" The boy asked this question anxiously.

"I think I do, sonny. How much will you take for him?"

"Oh! I couldn't sell him; he isn't all mine, and then if he's yours I guess you'll have to take him, but I know the boys'll hate to lose him. He's good comp'ny."

"I'll show you whom he belongs to, if you'll come with me. I am sure you will give him up."

"Sure I will, but I can't leave my papers."

"Never mind, I'll fix that part," and he pressed something into the boy's hand.

Then they left me and boarded an out-bound car whereupon I decided, sorrowfully, that this little affair would end here for me.

But the boy came back that evening with more papers. I called him to me and asked the results of the morning. His eyes lighted as he said, "It was fine."

"Come, tell me about it," I invited, and he came.

"Say," he began, "that young fellow took me over to the swellest house I ever saw with a big garden all around. When I got inside I thought I was dreaming. Say, wouldn't the boys like to get there once? Then a fellow with a coat buttoned up to his neck took us into the library, I think he called it. And he held the dog about a yard away from him. He'd have chucked him out but the young fellow said, 'Leave that dog here and call Miss May.' I guess he don't like dogs. But just then the prettiest lady I ever saw came in, all smiles; her pretty brown eyes all shining. I felt like hugging her. When she saw Bum, she gave a little scream and grabbed him up in her arms, and say, you ought to have seen that butler's face. He just faded away. But Miss May kept on squeezing that dog and pretty soon the young man said, 'Can you guess where I found him?' Then she looked up so sweetly and said, 'O, Will, where was he?' 'With this little newsboy,' he said, pointing to me.

"'Poor old Bum, how he does love newsboys,' she said, 'where did you get him?'

"Then I told her about the boys and how he followed us home.

"'I found Bum by accident,' she began. 'I was out driving one afternoon. My horse became frightened and ran away. A little newsboy rushed out and attempted to stop him. He checked the horse somewhat, until a young man ran out and caught him.' She smiled like anything at that young

fellow. I'll bet he did it. Then she said, after a minute, 'Bum was the news-boy's dog and they both became great friends of mine. Last winter his little master moved away from the city and left Bum in my care and I wouldn't part with him for anything. I lost him last week while shopping.' Then she looked embarrassed and asked me to stay to lunch and I stayed, too. It was the best meal I ever had. Bum got a bath and he looks like a different dog now.

"Then Will, that is what she called him, said, 'I thank Bum for my sweetheart.' 'Yes, Will picked me up,' she said laughingly.

"When I got ready to leave she said, 'Bring the boys to see us whenever you want,' and I am going to do it, too.

"Then Will gave me a dollar for my papers and brought me back to my stand. See what Miss May gave me," and he held out a shining gold piece in his grimy palm. "Say, they are the nicest people I ever met. But, I must go now, or I won't sell my papers," he suddenly exclaimed. I bought a paper and he went on his way, out into the cold world once more, with a shining face and a happy heart.

FLORENCE C. BURTIS, '09.

San Francisco De Asis

"A quaint old church, whose sweet Castilian name
 A century's use has left still sadly sweet,
 Set in an odorous sea of tangled bloom
 Whose billows, seldom stirred by wandering feet,
 Swept to the steadfast hills, that reverent stand
 Apart, a little, from this silent land."

The Mission San Francisco de Asis, now known as the Mission Dolores, is the oldest building in San Francisco. It is located in a sunny little hollow named Mission Valley, called in the early days, by the Franciscan Friars, Laguna de los Dolores. The building faces east toward San Francisco Bay, and back of it to the southwest, stand Twin Peaks like stern sentinels.

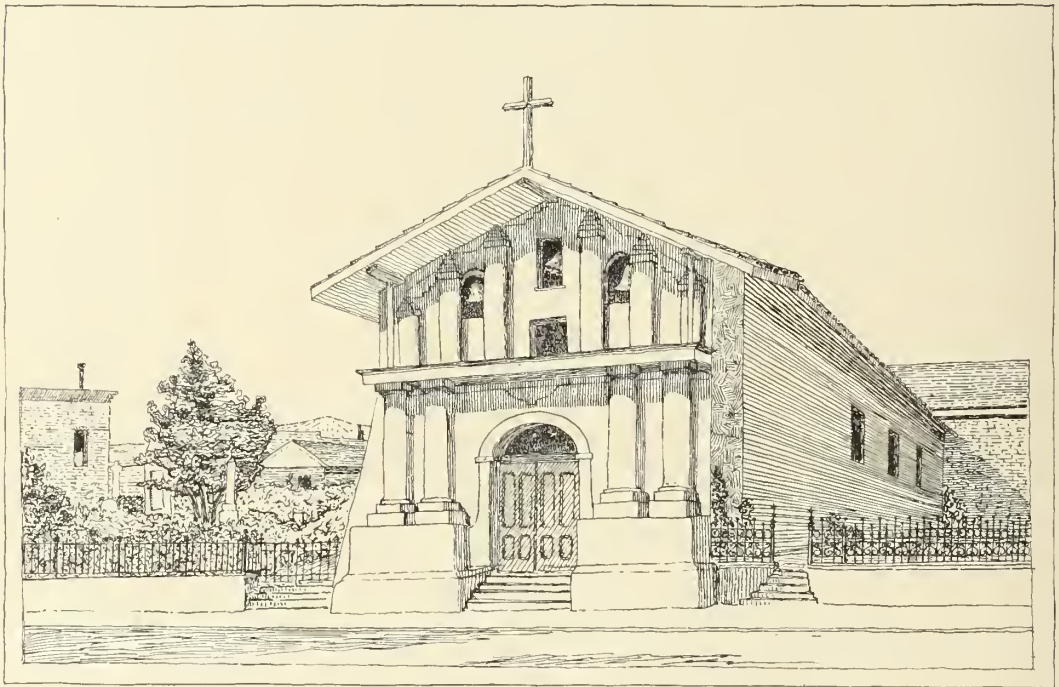
This Mission was founded by Padre Junipero Serra, under the direction of Palou and Cambon on Oct. 9, 1776, and was completed about 1786.

Like many other California Missions, Dolores is built of sun-dried brick, composed of a claylike soil mixed with straw, making a cohesive composition. The walls vary in thickness, averaging about three feet through. The roof is covered with semi-cylindrical tiles of the Spanish pattern, made from burned clay. These heavy tiles are supported on massive wooden trusses, resting on buttresses. This work was done entirely by the Mission Indians.

Although Dolores was the sixth Mission built, it is not as large as the Missions further south. The plan is simple, the sanctuary being in the west end. Originally, there were several adjoining buildings where the Padres lived and taught the Indians, but these have since disappeared. As the Mission treasury became depleted, parts of the adjacent buildings were rented. One was a wayside inn called the "Mission House." Here many a weary Spanish horseman rested and passed the time with the proselytes or

Padres, while his tired steed enjoyed the shade of the trees. All of these adjoining buildings were removed about 1868, leaving only the present structure standing picturesquely isolated in a modern city.

Passing the old building early one Christmas eve, I felt impelled to enter. Seated on one of the rude, uncomfortable benches, the church dim and shadowy in the wintry light, I found myself drifting in fancy back to the old Mission days. The pews are filled with soldiers and Indians kneeling on the earthen floor celebrating the midnight mass. The church is dimly lighted by the burning tapers. The Padre, garbed in richest vestments, intones the solemn "Sanctus." In the awed silence of the kneeling worshipers he elevates the Sacred Host while the choir sings "O Salutaris." At the Padre's final words, "Ite, Missa est," the midnight mass is over. I rise from my



knees and turn to find myself—alone. But the glamour still seems to blind my normal vision, for as I pass through the old portal I find myself standing in the dusk beside the willow-bordered lagoon. Beyond the shadows rises the white adobe form of the Mission, spectral and weird in the evening haze. The chime of the Angelus floats sweetly through the evening stillness, a score of startled waterfowl rise from the willows; I see dark-skinned proselytes pass like shadows through the Mission doors. I do not follow them for the vision passes; rudely dispelled by someone brushing near me as he enters the door where I have been dreaming,—another visitor, probably. An old priest comes up the steps and I tell him the fascination the old landmark has for me. He recounts to me its legendary lore. For this picturesque spot of San Francisco abounds with traditions of great interest. From the Indians we learn that San Francisco Bay was a thick forest of oaks, through which ran a clear stream of water. The presence of the salt water was never explained by the natives and there seemed to be much awe connected with

it. Geologists believe that an earthquake, in the prehistoric ages of California sunk this area and that the ocean rushed into what was once the mouth of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers.

Another pretty tradition concerns the founding of Dolores. It is said that Padre Junipero wished to dedicate a Mission to the Patron Saint of the Franciscans. He mentioned this to the Visitador-General, who replied, "If our Father, San Francisco wants a Mission dedicated to him, let him guide us to that good port up beyond Monterey, and we will build him a Mission there." Eventually an exploring party from Monterey discovered this splendid harbor and their conclusion was unanimous. The Saint had guided them to the spot.

Preparations were made and the Mission, some three weeks later, so the story runs, was founded in solemn state. A mass was sung and the event was celebrated with firearms and rockets, which so frightened the natives that they fled to the tules and remained in hiding for some time. At last they returned and became friendly with the intruders and were finally converted to the Franciscan faith.

The Mission is substantially built, having withstood the effects of time and earthquakes for over one hundred thirty years. According to the records, the first severe earthquake shock occurred on the second day of October, 1802. During the nights following, the Padres of the Missions slept in the open, fearing the collapse of their buildings. Since then there have been frequent earthquakes, the heaviest occurring on Dec. 8, 1812; Oct. 8, 1865; Oct. 21, 1868; March 15, 1872, and April 18, 1906. Although not damaged materially by the latter temblor, which so recently played such havoc with modern buildings, the old structure had a seemingly double providential escape from destruction, first by the earthquake then by the fire that swept the city.

A partly shingled roof, much less picturesque than the quaint old tile, affords a better protection against the elements. A recent coat of white paint serves to protect the exterior from the ravages of time. But no amount of modern veneering can ever eradicate the romantic traditions associated with and embedded in its old adobe walls.

Beside the Mission is the old cemetery. Here rest the remains of Don Luis Arguello, the first governor of California under the Mexican dominion. Here also, many of the early residents of San Francisco repose in some forgotten spot with nothing more than a crumbling piece of moss-covered stone to mark their final resting place.

The old bells, which once pealed forth a welcome to the weary traveler and faithful Indians, now remain mute, silent evidences of the religious zeal and piety of the old Spanish Padres. Alone, stands the quaint old Mission, a monument of the early days and their rich traditions; a unit in a chain which, grasping the present, links it with strong bonds to the shadowy past, so that the mind of man may not forget.

"Hushed are the bells in the belfry,
And no longer the massive door
Swings back, while a dark procession
Kneels on the earthen floor."

WILLIAM J. ASHLEY, '09.

Sammy's Wish

Sammy was wandering down the street, gaping in through the open doors of shops and markets. This was not the first time he had walked down the street gazing at the delicacies within, but to-day they appealed to him more than ever before. To him, Thanksgiving was nothing more than an ordinary day, only perhaps a little colder. At any rate it always seemed so, for on that day he had few companions with whom to roam the streets. After Thanksgiving, he had heard the others tell how fine the turkey was and how good the cranberry sauce tasted, but he, himself, had never been so fortunate. Thus it was, two days before Thanksgiving, that Sammy thought how nice it would be if he could only carry home to his poor family one of the many fine fat turkeys displayed in the markets.

Sammy was small for his age; his head was large in proportion to his body but it contained two honest blue eyes. He wore a pair of his father's old pants; his waist was ragged and dirty. His hat was a dilapidated old derby and his shoes were a pair long since cast off by that same donator of his trousers.

Poor Sammy was thinking, as he roamed down the street, what he would do, if he should find five dollars; what a nice turkey he could get for that, and cranberries, too. But there were no five dollars to be found, and Sammy returned to the place he called home—a room on the fourth floor of an old tenement house.

Next morning, his mother sent him forth to sell matches, but it was a miserable, stormy day, raining and snowing constantly. As a result, his sales that day were small, and fearing his mother's anger, should he go home with such small returns, he looked around for a place in which he could find shelter for the night. This he found in a barn at the rear of a large, well-kept house. Sammy was used to sleeping without a bed, so it was not long before he was sound asleep and dreaming—about Thanksgiving.

Suddenly, he was awakened by the sound of voices.

"I've got it all planned, Jim; the cook's going to leave the kitchen door open and see that all is clear. He says that the old man has a lot of gold and currency locked in the library safe. The cook has promised to collect all the silverware, put it in a sack and take it down to the den. If he's false, we'll shoot him and make off with all that we can lay hands on. If we get separated, go down to the meeting place of the gang, in the basement of Tim's saloon, on First street."

"What time is it? We're going in about twelve, ain't we?"

"'Leven," answered Jim's partner. "We had better look around and find out if the cook has deserted us."

Sammy listened to this in a fever of excitement. "Robbers," he thought to himself, "and, maybe, they will be murderers! I must stop them if I can." With this resolution in mind, Sammy waited until the men left the building; then he stole cautiously out and ran for a policeman. A few blocks away, he met Sergeant Doty, one of his few friends. He was so excited that it was several moments before he could make the officer understand.

Promptly at midnight, two figures crept from the shelter of the barn and entered the house. Ten minutes later two policemen entered by the same way and surprised the two crooks at work on the safe. Several shots were exchanged; one policeman was wounded; one of the crooks was captured—but Jim escaped.

Sergeant Doty became furious when he learned of Jim's escape, but his

anger subsided at Sammy's information of their rendezvous. An hour later, a second raid was made; this one was a complete success—Jim and his gang were landed.

Thanksgiving morning an auto stopped in front of an old tenement house. In it was Sammy—the Sammy of the day before, but he had a new suit of clothes and more money in his pockets than he had ever seen before. And lastly, that auto carried a turkey, cranberries and all else necessary to make a perfect Thanksgiving dinner.

LAURENCE MATHIEU, '12.

Hot Cakes!

"What'll you have, sir?" asked the waiter of Mr. Jimpson aboard the steamer Deutschland. It was ten-thirty and the breakfast hour expired at ten.

"Hot cakes and coffee, please."

"I'm sorry, sir, but the breakfast hour is over at ten, you know, and the griddle has just been taken from the fire. Wouldn't waffles do, sir?"

"No sir'ee," spoke our friend, "waffles won't do. Hot cakes and coffee, please!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but the chef is under orders."

"Well, lemme see the chef," interrupted Mr. Jimpson.

Enter the chef.

"Look here, cook, I want some hot cakes and they say I can't have 'em; how's that? Don't I pay for three meals a day?"

"Sorry, but if you want hot cakes after hours, you'll have to speak with the purser!"

"Blast it," muttered Jimpson as he stalked out of the dining hall towards the purser's office, "I'll get those hot cakes yet."

"Look here, Mr. Purser, I want some hot cakes and the crazy chef won't give 'em to me! Says it's after hours. He sent me up to you!"

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Jimpson, but I can do nothing; you should see the captain!"

"Well, where can I see the gent?" growled Jimpson.

"He's on watch now, you'll have to wait!"

"Wait nothin'."

Despite the purser and the mate Mr. Jimpson climbed upon the bridge, much to the amusement of the on-lookers.

"What's the matter?" roared the captain, casting a strong glance at Jimpson.

"Well, the chef sent me to the purser and the purser sent me to you and by hec, they won't gimme any hot cakes. Say it's too late!"

"What! All this fuss about a few hot cakes? You tell the chef I say to give you some hot cakes."

Jimpson grinned as he ordered hot cakes for the second time.

After some time the waiter returned carrying a platter heaped high with fine, steaming hot cakes.

Jimpson eyed the pile hesitatingly for a moment, then, as he sipped his coffee, muttered:

"I don't want 'em now; I lost my appetite in all that excitement."

GEORGE HEYNEMANN, '11.

P. S.—This is no nature fake. Ask T. R. about it.

A Midwinter Episode

If we had been on the shore of Lake Winnihok in the northern part of Illinois, late one cold November day, we would have witnessed a small part of the episode I am about to relate.

Despite the snow that covered the ground and the bitter wind blowing, a muffled figure sat on a portable camp-stool, fishing through a hole cut in the ice, some distance from the shore.

The fishing, however, did not seem intensely interesting, for the fisherman gazed longingly toward a log cabin on the shore where smoke rose from the chimney and bespoke of warmth and cheer within. But his luck soon changed and the sport grew so engrossing that he was greatly startled by a half smothered cough at his side. He turned and confronted a small wizened man, clad in the gray and white stripes worn by convicts, and shivering as the wind whistled in his stubby, yellow beard and unkempt hair.

"Howdy, sonny; pert' cold, h'aint it?"

"Rather; what can I do for you?"

"Live fer from here, sonny?"

"No; we're camped in that cabin in the edge of the forest."

"Sorry, sonny, but I'll hev ter trouble ye fer yer clo'es."

"What! Well, I guess not—get my clothes, not much. 'Tis kind of cold though, perhaps if you will come up to the camp I can find something warmer than those clothes you have on."

"No ye don't. Yer goin' ter giv 'em ter me now like a good feller and not fuss none; come, hurry up."

"Not much. Say, what do you take me for, anyway?"

"I hain't takin' ye, sonny," cackled the convict; "it's yer clo'es I want."

The sportsman was in no mood to quietly submit to the indignity of having his clothes removed, at least while he had strength to resist. Seeing this, the shivering convict produced a large revolver with "Better fork 'em over lively, sonny, this 'ere gun might go off suddin', see."

This brought immediate but rather sullen compliance with the convict's demand. He relieved his victim of his shoes and all his outer clothing and appropriated the same for his own use. Having thus obtained new and warmer raiment, the convict held the fisherman at bay with his revolver and retreated slowly to the shore, making his escape into the forest.

The scantily-clad man had no desire to pursue the convict through the snow in his rather abbreviated costume, so he turned and dashed toward the cabin, shouting for its occupants to open the door.

Within the cabin, in various degrees of dress and undress, sat three strapping young men playing cards before the fire. Each player puffed vigorously and contentedly on one of three particularly black and redolent pipes, emitting clouds of blue tobacco smoke.

It is needless to say the sudden appearance of the half-clothed man in their midst caused no little excitement. In a few words he told his companions, for such they were, of the loss of his clothing.

* * * * *

The convict plunged into the forest and walked steadily on through the snow, in one direction, without a glance to the right or left. He soon reached a clearing, in the center of which stood a small log cabin. Before entering the clearing he reconnoitered the forest in the immediate vicinity, then

stealthily approached the house and peered in at one of the windows. Satisfied that no one unfriendly was within, he pushed the door open and entered.

"Wot be ye wantin', mister?" asked a slovenly woman from her seat by the fire.

"Why—er—why, Mariar, don't ye recollect yer own Ben?—Ben wot was sent to de pen fer stealin' Josh Dean's white hoss?"

"Why, Ben—Ben, it's yerself, hain't it? Cum now, don't fool a pore ole woman like me. Be ye Ben or jess de likes o' him?"

"Mariar, I'm Ben—Ben, yer husband."

Not fully convinced she went to the door and called shrilly, "Peter, Pet-e-e-er."

Shortly afterward a large, overgrown boy entered the cabin. He was accompanied by an old shepherd dog, who upon seeing Ben gave a joyous bark of recognition and wagged his tail in a vain attempt to express his delight.

Now fully convinced, the little family had a brief but glad reunion. Ben then told how he escaped, obtained clothing and arrived home. He also explained that a posse of prison guards was in pursuit and his stay there would necessarily be short. An hour later Ben and his son, Peter, left their home and trudged bravely out into the snow, starting on their long tramp to Canada, Ben's goal.

* * * * *

But to return to the fisherman and his companions. Many plans for revenge, or rather the capture of the convict, were discussed, but none seemed satisfactory, if at all feasible; for they were college students away from home for their midwinter vacation, and consequently were unknown. This excluded all hope of gaining a place in the pursuing posse. Finally one suggested that they start out after the offender without authority. This course they pursued at once.

They lost some time in preparation, but by keeping in the same general direction, taking short cuts and making infrequent stops, they soon out-distanced the posse. The chase grew wearisome after the third day of tramping through the snow, and all four amateur man-hunters were ready to give up and return to their camp by the lake.

On the fourth day, while stopping in a small village for their noon meal, a very excited and frightened farmer drove into town with a startling tale of being held up on his way by a short, thin man with a rough, unshaven beard of many days' growth, and a taller and younger man who seemed nervous. His money and other valuables as well as his lunch and all his "chewin'" were taken. (The lack of the latter, he said, caused him no little inconvenience and accounted for his present nervousness.)

Spurred on by this bit of information, the four boys again took up the search. That night they crawled into the haymow of a barn on a seemingly deserted farm. About midnight the cold forced them to seek shelter in the house, which stood a short distance from the barn.

Cautiously opening the door so as not to attract the attention of any one nearby, they entered the building. There seated on a stool with a huge revolver across his knees, sat a large, overgrown boy fast asleep. On a rude pallet in a corner of the room lay the object of their search, also asleep. The two fugitives were awakened, disarmed and bound, but so great was their fatigue, that fifteen minutes after their capture they were again peacefully slumbering.

Next morning the convict and his son were turned over to the sheriff and his posse, and the four exultant boys returned to their camp to complete their vacation.

RAY E. CHATFIELD, '10.

A Christmas Eve

It was Christmas eve. The busy streets of Newton were crowded with anxious throngs of Christmas shoppers. That happy spirit that always comes with Christmas prevailed, as the shoppers quickly made their way home as if in a hurry to prepare for the feasting and good time of the morrow.

This was not so with John Harley, as he stood gazing into the window of a small restaurant on Broadway. The very idea of Christmas oppressed him.

Harley was hungry, and very hungry at that. Why shouldn't he be, not having eaten for two whole days. He had been well brought up, but was out of luck, unable to find employment of any sort. His small, hard-earned savings were gone, and now, with a sort of a half promise of work in a few days, he stood, faint and disheartened, looking longingly at the well-filled tables within.

It was impossible to buy even a cup of coffee or a five-cent plate of soup, for he had no money or aught to leave as security. The proprietor's face looked neither kind nor encouraging, but Harley was desperate and faces did not appeal to him. He studied the situation, and becoming encouraged, braced himself and entered.

"Mister," he began, "I am not a tramp, but a man out of work and starving. If you could give me a meal, I will pay you within two or three days."

"A meal on three days' tick! Wot's that? Do you think we're crazy or running an old woman's home?"

Without further words Harley was rudely pushed out of the door by a couple of burly waiters. His foot caught on the door-sill, which sent him sprawling on the sidewalk.

He was rising slowly from his knees when his hungry eye caught sight of a small purse directly in front of him. "By Gee! A purse!" he exclaimed. "Can't be my luck to find any money." He jumped to his feet and walked quickly away. A few yards up the street he opened his new-found hope, but alas! disappointment was within, for all that greeted his hungry eye was a small ticket which read:

"This is good for one chance on the Newton Bazaar's Automobile, to be given away the day before Christmas. The number of this ticket is 2300."

"An automobile," he murmured, putting the ticket into his coat pocket, with an air of great disappointment. "What chance have I to win an automobile. I wish it was a ticket for a square meal."

The thought of having a meal so close increased Harley's hunger ten-fold. He gazed around thoughtfully, but his eye could find nothing but his only coat. "Guess I'll have to do it, or starve," he sadly resolved.

A pawn shop, with its glaring signs, was not far away, and soon he was bargaining for his coat's exchange. When Harley again emerged upon the sidewalk he was minus a coat, but had in his possession the means of obtaining a few cheap meals.

In a few minutes Harley sat impatiently turning over the leaves of a daily paper, trying to forget his meal's slow arrival, when to his amazement he saw an advertisement that made him blink, rub his eyes and even pinch himself, to see if he were not dreaming.

On the page in front of him he read, "**No. 2300** wins the Newton Bazaar Automobile."

Harley sank into his chair, the prey of rocking emotion. His trembling hands could scarcely hold the paper while he stared with bulging eyeballs at the printed words—"2300 wins the automobile."

He choked back a sob and determined to get back the coat at any cost. Even now it may be too late, he reflected, as he sprang from his chair, just in time to collide with the waiter bringing in his soup. He left the restaurant, while the awe-struck waiter wondered from what asylum he had escaped.

At the pawnbroker's, Harley was met by the proprietor, who hastily informed him that a man had just bought the coat, but if he hurried he might overtake him. Without further explanation, he burst madly into the busy street, the very picture of a wild man on the trail of some great scalp.

Would he ever reach his man. The few hundred feet seemed like miles to the half-crazed man. At last he grasped the precious coat-tails, and proceeded to tear the coat from its astonished owner's back. But his amazed victim did not take this rough handling good naturedly, and soon Harley lay stretched on the sidewalk, while his aggressor was in the hands of a burly policeman.

When Harley awoke in a ward of a large hospital, a pretty nurse handed him a telegram, saying, "This is a message from the mayor, and this" (holding up the little red ticket) "is what we found clutched in your hand when you were brought here."

"I'm in luck," he murmured. I have the automobile ticket, and here's a telegram informing me that I am to receive \$500 for capturing 'Red Light Dick,' the famed crook."

GEORGE B. MERRITT, '09.

Ghosts

At times a newspaper will seize upon some current topic, such as politics, with which to fill its pages from day to day. 'Twas with such a case as this, some four or five years ago, that the papers flared a new attraction, capable of absorbing world-wide attention. "Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts!" blazed on the headlines. The subject was written up over and over; turned over, pounded, rolled and attacked from every point for news, and then written and rewritten again. In fact, for two weeks the papers fairly bulged with the ghost talk, until the subject began to grow exceedingly stale. Nevertheless, vast crowds went and viewed the cause of the excitement; indeed, people from Oakland and Alameda and all the Bay Counties were actually awakened by the news, and some fellows that I questioned startled me with the information that they had even come from San Jose.

It was on a certain part of Sanchez street that the two ghosts had appeared. Promptly at eight they were known to make their appearance and disappear at ten. A crowd was always on hand to view them. For the first two nights it was these two ghosts that appeared at the windows, clothed in white and hands seemingly afire that attracted the crowd.

But then something else happened. A woman, standing some distance off, saw what she thought to be a figure of a woman sitting on the front stairs. She

pointed it out to a bystander and the word went quickly through the crowd. The people, with their minds upset by the strange sight at the windows, quickly accepted the new ghost as a real one and surged quickly back in their fright, leaving a semi-circular opening before the house. The new ghost was then the magnet that attracted the crowds, while the window apparitions were almost forgotten in the days that followed; for it was the silent mourner on the stairs that received most of the attention from the newspapers. The matter was supposed to end when the lamp-post was removed, the light of which, falling between the column and moldings in front of the house, formed the so-called ghost.

But there was more to it than the readers of the newspapers could fathom; for these organs of information seldom show a thing in its proper light. So the story will now be related with more detail, from the standpoint of one who has seen, heard, and knows.

The first night, the excitement began when a small boy, apparently much awed and frightened, ran to the corner and told of the sight he had seen. How the crowd gathered! The whole neighborhood turned out to view these two figures, now screaming, now waving their hands from which a strange light shone. And how the spectators jumped when they shrieked! Promptly at ten the phantoms disappeared.

The following night the scene was enlivened by the presence of about a dozen policemen and several reporters. 'Twas then that the real fun started. It was early learned that the "cops" had their suspicions regarding the nature of the ghosts and had contemplated raiding the house. But those who had left the station with that purpose firmly in mind drew back and shuddered at the thought of entering the house. Only one hero would volunteer to attempt entrance. He was roundly cheered as he started. But his disbelief in ghosts was to suffer a severe shock. Hardly had he reached half way up the stairs, when he was stopped by the appearance of a ghost at the top landing. Summoning all his courage he advanced, but under a heavy fire of coal he was forced to retreat amid shrieks and yells from both him and the ghost, which reverberated through the house, multiplying the voices a hundred fold. Reaching the street in safety, he related his experiences to an eager crowd.

"There's about a thousand of 'em," he said, "and are they real? Well, I guess," whereupon he pulled a piece of coal from his pocket which he had caught in his downward flight, and examined it. He was sure that the coal was somewhat different from the variety used here on earth. "Sure," he said, "the devils might have packed it up with them from er—ah—a—Hades. It's not at all impossible, I guess there's plenty of it where they came from."

A great discussion then arose over the possibility of ghosts having coal in their possession, and one ingenious, far-sighted philosopher (whose immense head commanded the respect of the multitude and supplied the funmakers with something to talk about) declared that though the ghosts might flop about us invisibly all day, they'd use substantial coal. Another attempted to raid the ghosts' stronghold the following night, but his encounter with the ghost on the stairs was enough to convince all disbelievers.

The following night was Big Bill's (who was well worthy of the name) turn to go down to defeat. Entering the building amid cheers, and confident that his superior strength could overpower anything human or otherwise, he stealthily climbed the stairs. He had almost reached the top, when lo! I have often heard of the touch of a ghost that pierced men to the heart. Perhaps Big Bill was thinking of this also, when, following the sudden appearance of the ghost he received a terrific punch in the stomach, and falling backwards, rolled down the stairs. Believing himself dead, he pinched himself twice to make sure that he was not floating around in some ethereal region.

The excitement was heightened the next night by the discovery of the new ghost before mentioned. How it happened that no one had discovered it sooner was a mystery. The crowds increased from night to night for about two weeks. By that time, the identity of the ghost on the stairs was suspected, and now the last night had come. The policemen acted under orders. A number were instructed to enter the building together and fight the ghosts. Accordingly they ascended with drawn revolvers. Perhaps it was because their supply of ammunition was exhausted that the ghosts retreated. At any rate, after holding the officers in check by a heavy fire for sometime, they disappeared. The foremost of the officers entered the front room, but no one was to be seen. Creeping out into the kitchen he was startled to see light streaming through the cracks of the sink, and he heard whisperings. "Ghosts don't talk," he thought. He hesitated. Meanwhile the crowds waited breathlessly outside. The other officers were together, searching another part of the house. The dreams of promotion and rewards flashed before him and he took courage. He pulled open the door and confronted the ghosts. Looking into the barrel of a gun was too much for them and they surrendered. Handcuffing his prisoners, he led them down into the street.

The women screamed, "They've got the officer." "Not on your life," answered Mike. "I've got them; I found 'em under the sink with the rest of the pipes."

The crowd was puzzled as to the identity of the would-be ghosts until a small fellow, who had edged himself up close, exclaimed in a long drawn-out sing-song voice, "Why, it's Goosie Dower and Packy ——" The crowd roared, and the culprits were given a free ride to the station, but the officers only enjoyed a hearty laugh and released them. All that remained to do was to remove the objectionable lamppost; thus the mystery was solved.

But who was this Goosie Dower? This singular character, Jed Dower, nicknamed "Goosie," known all around for his ingenious and original ideas for making fun, was the one who caused all the disturbance.

Communicating his idea to one of his most trusted comrades, it was hailed with approval and after a day or two of preparation, they were ready for the fun. Their plans were as follows: Each was to provide himself with a sheet and take it with other necessities (such as coal in case of an attack) to a nearby empty house and deposit them in a closet, where they would be handy. Then at some time before eight o'clock they were to enter the house and see how the plan worked. But it didn't work. Some one was needed to attract attention, and this duty was given to a small boy of the neighborhood.

Then a brilliant idea came to Goosie. He thought that the success of the enterprise would be greatly increased if phosphorus was rubbed on their hands to make them glow. The following night they proceeded to the house and the fun commenced. It kept the whole city in wonderment and supplied food for hungry newspapers for two whole weeks.

At ten they discarded their ghastly attire, hurried over the back fence and through the lot into the departing crowd. They joined in the ghost talk, chuckling at the gullible populace.

You can wager that "Goosie" Dower and Packy were the heroes of the hour, when the affair was over. They were kept busy recounting their experiences until they were tired of it. "If we hadn't left that candle burning," Goosie often remarked, "we might still be playing ghost."

WM. A. RICHARDSON, '10.



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Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas to the student and faculty, all our friends and exchanges! The spirit of Christmas, that joyful and universal blessing, we hope fills every heart.

THE TIGER is bubbling with exuberance of good will toward everyone. May it be contagious. This is no time for sadness. We should rejoice in the spirit of Yuletide, and begin making resolutions in the New Year. We might suggest a New Year's resolution to begin with. Read the Tiger from cover to cover and patronize our advertisers. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

ATHLETIC COACHING.

Americans are naturally athletic. The fusing of blood of all nationalities in them seems to have produced exactly what is necessary for athletic supremacy. At the Olympic games, the representatives of the United States have far outclassed all competitors. All over the country the spirit of athletics and competitions is steadily increasing.

It is not surprising, therefore, that this tendency should act reflexively on the habits of the high school boy. Athletics in preparatory schools have been rapidly augmenting in popularity. No school deems itself a school without teams, and all strive to capture the coveted championship honors.

There is no question whatever, of the value of high school athletics. They provide recreation and exercise for the student. The student body is united to attain one ultimate object. Yet there are features of this prominent secondary school activity which have been considered detrimental to it. The question of coaching is a serious one.

With the increase of competition it has been necessary for the high schools to secure professional coaches. These men receive a certain payment for their services and are generally expected to turn out a winning team. Consequently they may use methods which would not commend themselves to persons coaching a team merely for the encouragement of athletics. This feature has been borrowed from the universities, to whom the high schools turn for guidance.

Lick, however, has been particularly fortunate regarding the question of coaches. Will and George Middleton have been coaching our football teams. They have sacrificed business hours to coach the squad and help to retain the old American game of football. And the work of the team has decidedly proven their success in attaining the object of their desires.

The Lick football team has excited the admiration of high school athletic observers. It has played fair and clean, yet hard. It has defeated heavier teams in the face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. We attribute these successes to the coaching and inspiration of Will and George Middleton.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the main desires of the Middleton brothers have been crowned with the greatest success. But a word of appreciation is due them. They have succeeded in inspiring this student body with the true spirit of athletics, the spirit to win clean and fair. We have always felt that spirit to a certain degree, but our coaches have developed it until the idea of friendly rivalry toward other schools seems almost a principle. By admirably coaching our team, they have helped to retain the old American game. And lastly, a moral influence on high school athletics has been exerted by the Middleton brothers, that of coaching a team for the pleasure, for the interests of athletics, which will never be forgotten by any member of the Lick student body.

ATHLETIC GROUNDS.

The past football season has again emphasized the fact that the league games should be played in this city. Though the support was excellent, it would have been greater had the contests been on this side of the bay. Many did not go because of the distance and inconvenience, while others were influenced by the extra expense involved.

Yet the games had to be played in Alameda, for there are no suitable grounds in the city. Before the fire, the Presidio Athletic Grounds were the

scene of all league contests. However, those grounds have not been rebuilt and none other have taken their place. Consequently the high schools must go elsewhere.

THE TIGER believes that all league games between the local schools should be played in this city. There is no reason whatever, why a city of nearly a half million inhabitants should be without a field to settle high school supremacy. We hope that provision will be made for local grounds in the near future.

INTERCLASS SPORTS.

A distinguishing feature of our school life is interclass athletics. Probably no other school about the bay has developed these activities to the extent they have been by us.

Side by side with their growth, however, have arisen the evils and faults of the system. One activity would interfere with another, questions as to school team men, eligibility, etc., arose. Organization seemed the only remedy.

The first step towards organizing and placing interclass athletics on a systematic basis was the introduction of "Wednesday Afternoon." With every Wednesday afternoon for school activities, the students have taken more interest in them. Nevertheless, these activities have not been interfering with school work. But the Wednesday afternoon plan did not provide rules and regulations, it did not settle questions of eligibility and others which continually arise. In order to remedy the evils arising from such disputes, the Board of Control recently passed a comprehensive and decisive set of by-laws governing interclass athletics.

As a result disputes which have arisen in the past will not be possible now.

There will be no trouble regarding the class for which an athlete competes. In general, he must represent the class with which he takes the majority of periods, having a choice if he take an equal number of periods in two classes. However, should his choice rest between the Senior and Junior classes and he will not be able to graduate with the Senior class, his choice must revert to the Junior class.

The formerly greatly debated question of school team men is definitely settled. No member of the school football, baseball or basket-ball team may compete in the interclass. School team tennis and swimming men are only to be barred from the interclass if it come after the A. A. L. meet. But at no time shall any athlete be barred from the interclass track meet. Any athlete who has been a member of a school team previous to the season when he is not on the school team shall be eligible to compete in the interclass.

These amendments appear to be a method of preventing any further differences arising between classes. The rules are stated and all must abide by them.

Necessarily, the interclass system should increase in efficiency and be of even greater value to the school teams than in the past. The Tiger hopes that its impressions are correct and commends the method inaugurated to dispose of friction and inefficiency in interclass sports.

AMENDMENTS.

At this date of going to press, several amendments to the Student Body Constitution are being considered. We are, therefore, unable to report whether they will be passed or not.

However, THE TIGER heartily approves of the proposed measures. Remedies are provided for serious defects of our organization which should receive the support of every member of the Student Body.

The Student-Faculty Council Amendment provides a court of hearing for matters mutually interesting the faculty and students. Owing to the inadequacy of the present Advisory Board of the Student Body, the need of such a Council has long been evident. Often questions arise and no suitable means for deciding them are at hand.

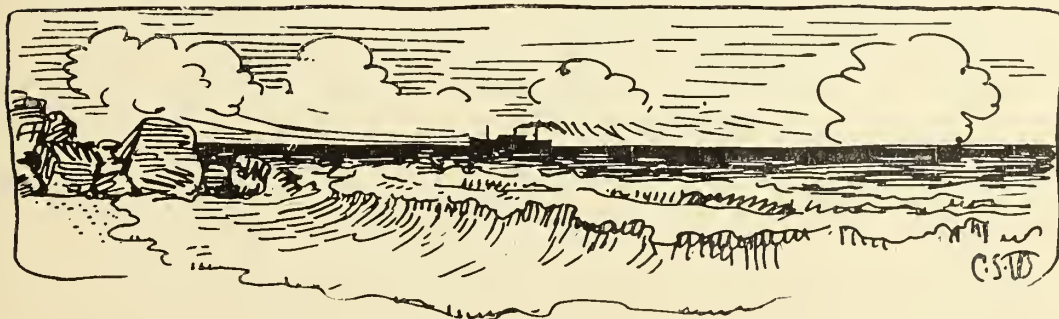
This Council, composed of leading students and representatives of the faculty, will eliminate any further possibility of misunderstanding. Yet it does not usurp the powers of the Board of Control or of the Principal, for the Board and the Principal have a veto over all decisions. That the latter provision will be sparingly used, however, seems reasonable. The Council will decide any questions for the best interests of the school, and little friction is expected.

Those who appreciate the privileges of members of the Student Body will welcome the amendment proposing a change in the method of altering the Constitution. Under the old system, the Board of Control has absolute control in the matter of amendment. All resolutions proposing amendments must be passed by the Board before being brought before the Student Body. If rejected twice, they may be submitted to the Student Body upon petition signed by fifty members. Theoretically, the student has power of amending, but practically this is not the case. The Board may lay the proposal on the table indefinitely, if it be disposed to do so, and the Student Body is helpless.

The new amendment proposes to give any student the power of bringing an amendment before the Student Body upon presentation of a petition signed by one hundred and fifty members, no more than two-thirds of which may belong to one class.

Thus the Student Body is not subjected to the power of an arbitrary Board, yet railroading by one class is prevented.

THE TIGER believes that the amendments should be passed. If not, the Student Body will suffer. We feel that this announcement should be made to explain our views upon these important questions.





We are pleased to note a great increase both in the quantity and quality of our exchanges for this quarter. The entire set shows a decided improvement over those last criticized.

THE OWL, Fresno, Cal.:—We have on hand the last commencement and the October numbers of the "Owl," and, in our opinion, they, with perhaps one other, are the best of a most enjoyable set of exchanges. The new staff is proving itself a worthy successor to the old; we find it impossible to recommend one department as being better than any other in either issue, allowing for the different standards that must be maintained. The jokes, in particular, are very good.

GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL JOURNAL, San Francisco:—A semi-annual production is, and quite naturally, expected to follow a much higher standard than that of a quarterly or monthly. The "Journal," a paper belonging to this class, certainly preserves this standard, furnishing always one of our most interesting exchanges. The literature and poetry deserve special mention—they are really excellent; the cuts are good and the pictures clear. The only things that keep from you the palm of perfection are the absence of a table of contents and a scarcity of jokes.

THE BELL, San Jose, Cal.:—We notice in your October edition that you complain of "lack of athletic spirit" among seven hundred and fifty students. It seems to us more to the point, were you to complain of lack of school paper spirit among your numerous students. Your cover is a rather indeterminate affair, but that is not as much to be condemned as the dearth of material in all departments, excepting joshes and stories. Brace up. Arouse more interest in your paper.

THE ADVANCE, Arcada, Cal.:—There are several things about the "Advance" that deserve praise and several that should be corrected. A casual glance gives an impression of great neatness; of something well done. A close inspection confirms these points and several others. Everything is neat, and the stories are good. But the lack of cuts and the omission of everything that would tell us something of your school, are inexcusable in a yearly paper.

THE MADRONO, Palo Alto, Cal.:—The only criticism we have to make of the "Madrono" is, that your athletic department appears out of place as the first article of your paper. Of course, athletics are a great part of school life, but you are giving them undue prominence. The stories and cuts, indeed, all departments, are well edited and interesting.

OLLA PODRIDA, Berkeley, Cal.:—"Quo Vadimus," in the September "Olla Podrida," is well written, and is, in fact, the star story of this edition, and the best that Berkeley High can produce. At least that is what we must infer, since it is the only one. More attention should be paid to literature. Athletics are not the only appropriate subjects for a high school publication.

MILLS' COLLEGE JOURNAL, Mills, Cal.:—We were pleased to find among our exchanges the "Mills' College Journal" and were simply delighted at the perusal of it. We hope you will continue your journeys Tigerwards.

THE COGSWELL, San Francisco:—The October "Cogswell" is a good example of a first-term edition. "The Arlington Case" is a detective story of the conventional type, but is well worked out. The exchanges, however, should be given more space, and the shop notes more time. Also, while we do not condemn the using of the same cover-design for two issues, it is advisable to have a different one for each.

THE ACORN, Alameda, Cal.:—The "Acorn" always presents a pleasing outward appearance, and the fiction is usually very interesting. The September edition is no exception to this rule, but we will not countenance the placing of several pages of ads in the front; it spoils the appearance of a paper. Also, more impersonal joshes would be most thankfully received.

OREGON WEEKLY, University of Oregon:—We are proud to boast of a university paper among our exchanges, and the "Oregon Weekly" is one of our regular visitors. Its columns have called our attention to the prowess of some old "Lick" students on Oregon's athletic teams.

TOTEM, Lincoln High School, Seattle:—For an initial production, the "Totem" is doing fairly well. But by all means have a department of bright stories and develop your talent in that line. As there is already a "Totem" in the field of high school magazines (from Juneau, Alaska), we would suggest a change of name. Your cover is worthy of commendation, but because it is not the work of a student, it cannot be considered.

SHASTA DAISY, Red Bluff, Cal.:—The October number of the "Shasta Daisy" is woefully lacking in artistic material. A bright and a good cover design would greatly improve its appearance.

COLLEGE ECHOES, Siloam Springs, Ark.:—Your May and October issues are at hand. For your size, you are an excellent little paper, but better cuts and a good cover design are suggested.

THE CALENDAR, Buffalo, New York:—The September and October issues of the "Calendar" present a neat appearance, but the cover is becoming monotonous. There is plenty of room for the extension of the literary department, and once more we plead for your opinion of us through the edition of an exchange column.

THE LOWELL, San Francisco:—The edition as a whole is a creditable one. The stories are fair, but there is room for improvement.

THE CLARION, Salem High School, Oregon:—Your stories and jokes are very good, but you lack the bright drawings characteristic of a successful school journal. There is talent everywhere and your paper may, perhaps, be a factor in the development of future artists.



The rallies held during the past quarter were, in general, worthy of great praise. The yelling was excellent, both by the classes individually and the school at large; the best speakers in the school were heard from and the order at the rallies could not have been better.

Among the most prominent speakers whom we have heard was Sid Holman, captain of the football team. He explained to the Freshmen the necessity of trying to make the big team from the start.

"It is the Freshmen that count, not only this year, but in years to come," he said. If one stops to think, he will soon realize that this assertion is true.

Captain Baxter, of the track team, spoke to us on the coming field days, but said that he was going to help the football team and wanted the rest of the school to do likewise, as the track team had decided to support football. This shows the fine spirit of the track men towards football.

Manager Bixton told us about the tickets on sale for the games and hoped the school would give its most earnest support.

Manager Meeker gave us notice of the A. A. L. field day and said that the few men who were going to run would be glad to see a Lick bunch on the bleachers. Incidentally he told all the fellows to be ready for next spring track season.

Bob Gardiner spoke of the inter-class basket-ball games and discussed the prospects of the next big team.

"Cottontop" Felt has also addressed the student body upon the necessity of trading with the advertisers in *THE TIGER* and asked every person in the school to rustle for advertisements, as they were needed badly.

Keith Murray, our plucky little quarter-back, has spoken to us on school spirit, and he has certainly brought it to a higher standard through his earnest speeches and personal magnetism.

Willard Beatty has also inspired the students with the proper spirit by his telling speeches.

GIRLS' LECTURE.

A lecture on tea was given to the girls of Lick on October 8 by Mr. Elliot of A. Schilling & Co. From beginning to end it proved interesting and instructive. Mr. Elliot was a pleasing talker and handled his subject well. Samples of the different kinds of tea were passed around and the science of making good tea explained. If anyone wishes a good cup of tea, just ask a Lick girl.

FOUNDERS' DAY.

Another Founders' Day has again been observed. Like all others, it was a day to remain long in our memories. Some were celebrating their first Founder's Day, others their last, but it filled the hearts of all with true Lick spirit. When the whistle blew, everyone stopped work "in honor of James Lick" and hurried to the hall. There we heard that story again; that story that is ever interesting to every member of Lick School; the story of James Lick. It was told to us briefly by Mr. Symms and then Mr. Fowler, of the Pacific Foundry, gave us an interesting talk on Bessemer steel.

In the afternoon many visitors, conducted by the Senior class under the able management of President Smith, made trips through the school. The interest of the public in our work made us feel proud of our school and thankful that there was a James Lick.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY DANCE.

On Friday evening, October 16, the Debating Society celebrated with a dance. "Our Barn" was decorated with greens intermingled with school colors; the effect was most pleasing. The Misses Otto, Kirwin and Edwards acted as chaperons.

After many dances had been enjoyed by the couples they adjourned to the yard, where a bonfire awaited them. Delicate refreshments were served and as the morning drew nigh the festivities closed and all who participated have happy remembrances of a good time.

GIRLS' RALLY.

On October 29 the girls held an enthusiastic rally to plan "stunts" for the Lick-Lowell game. Many interesting speeches were made and the decorations for the grand stand were decided upon. The rally closed with a very creditable "Ali-be-ho," given with as much spirit as the boys could have done.

It was due to this rally, together with the dimes so willingly given by the boys, that our grand stand waved in yellow streamers and that a cloud of confetti dimmed the air as our team came upon the field at the Lick-Lowell game.

THE PILLOW-CASE PARTY.

The evening before Hallowe'en the Seniors gave an informal dance. "Our Barn" was decorated with greens intertwined with the school's colors. Here and there a grotesque goblin hung from the ceiling in the form of a pumpkin. Each dancer was clothed in a sheet and pillow-case for a mask, and were one not aware of the affair, he would have thought that the spirits had actually come to earth. After the third dance every one unmasked.

At 10 o'clock coffee and doughnuts were served from the cooking room windows and then the dancing continued well into the morning. The party enjoyed the pleasant company of Misses Otto and Kirwin.

VISITORS.

Among our visitors this term, we have seen the smiling faces of Miss Roos, '07, and Miss Raber, '08, who find time among college duties to slip back and spend an hour or so now and then with friends in the halls of Lick. Miss Sullivan and Miss Houston, '08, were also visiting here one day. They are all glad to get back to Lick again, and we are always glad to see them.

"Hemlock" Ensign, '08, dropped in last quarter to shake hands with old friends.

"Brick" Mitchell, '08, also paid us a visit. Of course everyone was glad to see "Brick," especially the football men, who are always glad to see their last year's captain.

Mr. and Mrs. Brandstatter, in spite of married happiness, have not forgotten old Lick, as was proven when both came to the city to visit friends and see the first football game of the season, where they wore the black and gold as proudly as of old. The couple received many congratulations and well wishes for the future.

Fabian and Larzelere, '08, were present at our big football rally and wished us luck for the game.

Edgar Randall, '07, dropped in one afternoon to see how Lick was getting along.

Stuart Wilder, '08, came over from college to one of our football rallies. We all enjoyed his visit.

Eva Nordwell, ex-'07, has returned to Lick and is taking up a special course under Miss Bridgman.

Bill Main, '06, captain of the '05 football team, wandered into Lick one day. There were few of his old friends left to greet him, but the Seniors who were Freshmen in his time remembered "Captain Bill" and were glad to see him again. Even though the faces may be new, the spirit of Lick is ever unchanged, and there is always a hearty welcome for those who have left.

June Lindsay, ex-'11, was visiting friends at school a few weeks ago.

Elizabeth Bridge and Ethel Atkinson, who both took prominent parts in the '08 Senior farce, have not forgotten that they have friends at Lick who are pleased to see them.

Warren McNeil, ex-'10, comes to see us occasionally.

James Black, '08, spent a few moments with his friends around the school a few days ago.

"Scotch" Clyde, '08, comes to visit his friends quite often and also to watch the football team.

"Russ" and "Dick" Noyes, ex-'10, came to see us at one of the rallies and then yelled for us at the Lick-Lowell game.

GIRLS' DEBATE.

A new activity has started at Lick; an activity that we are all interested in—girls' debating. The Misses Little, Capp, Reinhold and Brown as alternate, upheld the name of Lick in the affirmative of a debate with the Berkeley Agora on November 21, 1908.

The question, Resolved, That the bay cities should be consolidated into greater San Francisco, was well discussed pro and con, and it was after no little suspense that the judges decided in favor of the negative.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

Since its reorganization the Debating Society has greatly developed the different departments. The Interclass League provides a method for choosing the best debaters for the school team. For practice in extemporaneous debating, the Senate can not be surpassed. "As You Like It" will be produced under the auspices of the Dramatic Department, by the Junior Class. On the whole, the Society may review a year's progress with pride and satisfaction.

CAMERA CLUB.

The Camera Club has reorganized this year with Gregory Padilla as President. Many plans are being formed which will increase the interest of the students. Rolla Watt has been giving lectures on amateur photography for the benefit of new members. An outing will be given, when the football season is over. The membership of all interested in photography is solicited by the club.

SENIOR SEMINAR.

After some delay at the beginning of the term, Senior Seminar has been organized by the Senior Class. Five very instructing papers have already been presented by Seminar members. If the present interest is maintained the organization will have a very successful year.

ALUMNI

The Alumni Association has become very active of late. The new officers are trying to arouse a greater interest among the members, and are succeeding. The association itself has been strengthened by the adoption of a new constitution. This new organ provides for a method of nominating officers which, it is hoped, will result in the selection of enthusiastic members to fill the positions.

An informal dance was held at the School on the evening of Nov. 7, and many old graduates, as well as the more recent ones, graced the occasion. A spirit of "it is good to be here" prevailed on all sides, and indeed it was; being back again to the Alma Mater with old schoolmates recalled many pleasant memories.

Lick graduates are to be found in nearly all the different walks of life. Some are in college but the most, by far, are following some worldly vocation for their "Daily Bread."

In this class we find Howell Perry, who is working for the Oakland Traction Garage. He says that he is general utility man. Perry, you remember, took Mechanical Drawing. We wonder if he finds mechanical any help in drawing his salary.

Charles Kuchel, '08, and William Henderson, '06, are both working for electrical companies. Kuchel is with the City Electric Co. of San Francisco, and William is with the Sacramento Electric, Gas and Railway Co. Good luck to you both.

Considering the amount of charity work going on in the city at present, it is not at all surprising to find some of our Lick girls in this work. Thus

we find Miss Genevieve Sullivan doing settlement work. The practice she secured last year by taking care of "Baby Dill" is standing her in good stead.

Some of the boys with a mechanical turn of mind are following construction work. Earl Lieb, '07, is helping to rebuild San Francisco, on his own hook, and Romer Shawhan is superintending the erection of the Meyer Building.

Francis Merrilees, '07, otherwise known as "Fat," is toiling his honest life away in a hole in the ground somewhere in the Berkeley Hills. He says it's mining, but others believe that he must, in defiance to the Chinese Exclusion Act, be digging a direct route to China. He claims that the forge work he did at Lick helps him greatly in keeping his drills sharp. Take notice, ye Sophs!

Another man who has made noteworthy progress in the world is William Gay, '07. Will is working with the Union Construction Company near Valecita, Calif. He is superintendent of machinery in a newly erected power plant. If your lights go out some evening blame "Bill" for it.

Walter Buescher, '08, is taking a course in civil engineering at Van der Naillen's School in Oakland. Walter thinks he may graduate in time to finish the Panama Canal. That's right, Walter; they need a good man.

What do you think became of Carl Hohwiesener? He is in Colorado working on the Roosevelt dam. Perhaps he expects to be President of the United States some day and is just annexing some of T. R.'s work.

FROM STANFORD.

From time to time one runs across such men from Lick as Walker, '06; Bachelder, '07; Barnett, '08; and Simpson, '09, wandering about the quadrangles.

Wood, '07, may be found, slide-rule and all, in one of the mathematics courses. He thinks he wants to be an engineer, poor boy.

Clyde, '08, is also registered in civil engineering. What a pity. Scotty was such a nice boy, too. He has also entered athletics. Calisthenics are his main event.

Ex-captain of the swimming team, Dietterle, '08, took to the water again rather unexpectedly the other day, when he fell in with a jolly bunch of Sophs. He finds it hard to hold footing on the bottom of a porcelain tub, when someone roughly forces him to take a cold bath. After he had sent the regulation eleven bubbles to the surface, he was allowed to drain the water from his lungs. He says he doesn't mind swimming on the surface, but underneath with one or two upon your chest is too much for him.

Barnett, Clyde and Dietterle are at present in bachelor's quarters in Palo Alto. Can anyone imagine such a combination?

One evening when the Y. M. C. A. gave a quiet evening at home in the reception hall of Encina Hall, it was announced that refreshments would be served in one corner of the room. There was immediately a rush for the corner. Finally, with a super-human effort, an athletic looking youth burst from the struggling sea of humanity with a string of sausages in one hand and several buns in the other. On inspection he was found to be no other than Ernest Thompson, '07. Isn't it strange how Thompson still has the trait for which he was noted at Lick, of always being at the right place at the right time?

Everett, once of Lick, and Rodgers, '08, played in the forwards on the Freshmen team against California. Teammates at Lick and teammates at college; fate seems to be unable to separate them. Rodgers is now sub-full-back on the second Varsity.



In the pattern shop we find that Mr. McLaren has the Freshmen well trained in the use and importance of sharp tools and the result is good work. Most of the Freshies have completed their lathe turning exercise and joints, and are, at present, putting in all their spare time making mission style furniture for themselves. Some of the work turned out is indeed a credit to them.

During this last quarter the Junior apprentices, Sparrowe, Uhte and Von der Mehden have turned out considerable pattern work. The workmanship on these shows an improvement over those at the beginning of the year.

The Senior apprentices, Jorgenson and Bowles, have made several outside patterns. Among some of them were a horseshoe manhole for the street; also the cope and drag foundry box for molding the same. Several gas engine parts were made, such as cylinder of $5\frac{1}{2}$ -in. bore by 6-in. stroke and crank housing for a marine motor.

FOUNDRY.

The last quarter of this year seems to find things a little dull in the foundry. Another class of Sophomores are learning the arts of molding. They have made good headway, having finished the exercise for machine shop, and are now pounding on more difficult patterns.

Mr. Lacoste has not made many large molds in order to give the machine-shop apprentices time to finish up the work started last year. As soon as this is accomplished he will cast another complete 4x6-in. steam hoist from the new patterns and also a new press for the machine shop.

At present Mr. Lacoste is patiently waiting for a new ladder with the kind of rounds that never wear out, for "Cappa City" has again decided to take a rest. The armature of the motor burned out and is being rewound in the machine-shop. When it will be finished, no one knows.

MECHANICAL DRAWING.

Half of the school year is nearly gone, and, judging from the amount of work turned out in this department, Mr. Heymann must have kept the students busy. There are more apprentices in this course than in any other, and the amount of work produced is necessarily large.

With the waste of only a normal amount of ink and the disfiguring of a few wagon loads of paper (size of the wagon not mentioned), the Freshmen have finished their lettering sheets and are being initiated into the drawing of geometrical problems.

The Sophomores, well along in their work, are now completing the plates on Orthographic Projections and the Juniors—you should see them—they take to drawing like a duck to water. There are not as many taking the subject this year as there were last, but that does not in any way hamper their work.

Much of the work being taken by the Senior apprentices deals with nearly all sorts of engineering construction. Some of the work recently finished or under way is:

A 100 H. P. tangential water-wheel, a hand-power crane, marine boilers, centrifugal pumps of various types, a new 4x6 steam hoist and a steam turbine.

FORGE SHOP.

In this department work is progressing nicely; the boys have now learned to manage their fires, and having completed the bending exercises, are now welding scraps of iron into square bars. They will undoubtedly take away with them, at the close of the year, a fair knowledge of blacksmithing, owing to the careful teaching of Mr. Mathis, who is always willing to lend a hand and show them the best way of doing things.

Several sets of andirons, of artistic design, have been turned out; also a good-sized fire-place crane and two large bracket lamps of a quaint design.

MACHINE SHOP.

At last the 4x6 inch duplex steam hoist has left its long occupied place in the shop and after undergoing its test in the boiler room was shipped away to be used in a mine.

One of the chief machines now nearing completion is the motor-driven shaper. Judging from standard market prices it should bring about Four Hundred Dollars. The fact that it is motor driven, places it in the class of motor-driven tools, which are rapidly gaining a permanent place in the shops and on the market in general.

In connection with the electrical side of the work now going on in the shop, there are two small D. C. armatures being re-wound and one 1 H. P. A. C. motor is nearly finished.

The Juniors are working well. They are at present making cap and set-screws and doing light lathe work in general. Some have finished their hack-saw frames, while others are doing odd repair jobs.

The oil pump, finished by "Fat" Watts, is doing good work and incidentally it preserves Mr. Dixon's good humor, as it is operated by electricity. However, the "chief's" ideal of a plug and collar fit was not realized.

Another addition to the boiler room is the re-installation of the donkey boiler. This is a boiler of the marine tubular type.

CHEMISTRY.

The four classes in descriptive chemistry are progressing very well with the new series of experiments.

In the apprentice department the Juniors are well along with their qualitative work and the Seniors are digging away at soil analysis.

At the beginning of next year the chemistry course will receive a great impetus; a muffle furnace has been installed and an assay balance ordered from the East. The furnace and balances, together with the other excellent equipment will enable Mr. Tibbetts to take up assaying in all its branches; hitherto his work has been along the line of general chemistry only.

Lectures are being given by the different members of the apprentice department, along scientific lines, and are instructive as well as interesting to both Mr. Tibbetts and the apprentices.

As is always the case, positions are awaiting the apprentices as soon as they graduate. "Baby" Boxton will probably go to Grass Valley, where he will take charge of a cyanide plant; "Dutchy" Merkelbach will enter a large mercantile place here in the city; Bates will go into the mint; the "Honolulu Cowboy" Marshall expects to go to the Islands, where he will take up sugar analysis.

THE COOKING CLASS.

As successful and interesting as the work of the cooking class has been in the past, it will be more so in the future on account of the improvements that have been made in the cooking-room. The tables lowered to a more convenient height and new gas-burners are a great addition.

In studying the breakfast courses, a new menu was given each week, the girls cooking a different dish each day and then serving the entire course. The different tables of girls took turns at being served. This method not only teaches the girls how to become cooks, but also how to serve what they cook.

Dinner courses are now being taken up, and when a variety of dishes have been practiced the dinners will be served in the same way as were the breakfast menus. The girls are talking seriously over the dinner question, and it will not be long before they will show us their great ability along this line.

THE SEWING CLASS.

Very satisfactory work has been completed for this quarter by all of the sewing classes, from the Freshmen beginners to the Senior apprentices. The visitors on Founders' Day agreed to this and they examined everything with great interest.

Much praise is due the Freshmen girls, as all have completed their practice books and are now busily at work drafting and making white garments.

The Sophomore girls have also spent a great deal of time drafting patterns for their own use. These patterns were used in cutting out dresses for themselves, of which they have completed the skirts and are now working on the waists. They have found this very interesting work, as many styles of waists are developed from the simple patterns. A very pretty waist was made in this way by Miss Juanita Brown.

Much interest is being taken by the Junior girls in their hand-work. Perfect embroidery is being done on flannel, and Misses Wagner and Matheson are working on very dainty little dresses.

Miss White, the only Senior apprentice, has completed the model tailored suit and is now beginning a tailored suit for herself.

Charity work will soon be started in which all of the girls will take part. This work, when completed, will be presented by the school to an institution where good use can be made of it.



LICK VS. WILMERDING.

On the morning of October 3, the bleachers in the Alameda Recreation Park were well packed with the students of Lick and Wilmerding. A noticeable fact was the large attendance of the wearers of the black and gold. The rooting section must be highly commended on their excellent yelling, being probably the best that Lick ever had.

The Wilmerding team was "doped" by the newspapers to win easily, but at a rally held on the Wednesday before the game, the Lick team promised a surprise. Our boys determined to keep their promise and went into the game resolved to hold Wilmerding down. Before the game was over we could see that we still had our old fighting spirit safely locked in the hearts of our warriors, for they fought Wilmerding to a standstill.

Lick kicked off to Wilmerding, who were downed near their twenty-yard line. They tried bucking the line, but on the third down had gained very little and punted to Holman, who ran the ball in about fifteen yards. With our rooting section begging the team to score, they went down the field to Wilmerding's fifteen-yard line by the aid of Jimmie Holt's long run. It was easy to try a place kick and Wittenmyer tried his best to place it between the goal posts, but failed.

Wilmerding took a free kick from their twenty-five yard line. We ran the ball up the field after receiving it, but lost it on downs. Wilmerding at once punted to Holman, who again ran it in quite a distance. Here the half ended and the ball had not once left Wilmerding territory. Score: Lick, 0; Wilmerding, 0.

After a fifteen minute rest both teams took the field again. Wilmerding kicked off, but Lick lost the ball on downs, and then Wilmerding reached Lick's twenty-yard line by a series of plays. They then tried a place kick, but too many Lick men broke through their line and they failed to score. Then Lick worked the ball down the field into Wilmerding territory and got near striking distance, but lost the ball.

Again Wilmerding came dangerously near our goal line and tried a place kick, but thanks to Thornton, it was blocked and we secured the ball. Our team pushed the ball down the field again, but just then the whistle blew for the end of the game. Score, 0-0.

LICK-MISSION GAME.

This game was scheduled for October 10, but owing to numerous injuries, the Mission team defaulted to us. We wish them better luck next time, for we have also suffered greatly from injuries to players this season, and sympathize with them.

S. F. A. L. FIELD DAY.

"Lick has not a chance," everybody said, yet with three of our best men off the team, we took second place, Cogswell defeating us by $9\frac{1}{2}$ points. That is your Lick Track-team, with practically no training and with little or no support. With no member to lose and plenty of good material to develop, Lick should be able to show that her teams are not those of the near past.

The greatest surprise was Hupp. Hollis was thought to have the 50-yard dash easily, but Hupp showed his old form again, by defeating him.

Meeker showed himself a good distance man. Following those who set the pace, he out-generated them at the finish. After the two-mile, he placed third in the mile. Along with Meeker in the two-mile, ran a Freshman, Wallace, taking fourth place, who gives promise of becoming a star distance man.

This season has shown another good man. Dixon, for a Sophomore, has shown great class in the 100 and 220-yard dashes.

Ashley ran a good race in the 440, defeating all his competitors.

Price and Little left their dispute over the mile unsettled until next season.

The last two seasons, the S. F. A. L. has been won by Cogswell. Fellows, look up Lick's record and see if that has always been the case. Only once, besides these last two meets, have we lost. Next season we must win.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Basket-ball continues to be the most popular sport among the girls. More enthusiasm has been shown than in either swimming or boating. The boating club has not been reorganized.

A series of interclass basket-ball games have been played between the classes of '10, '11 and '12, Miss Falkenstein being the sole representative of '09. The victory went to '10, by winning an exciting game from '11; '12 made a good showing. However, since class rivalry seems to deaden the school spirit, no more interclass games will be played until basket-ball season. The championship and the winner of our cup will then be decided.

Besides the interclass, practice games have been played with Lowell, Berkeley and Polytechnic High Schools. Challenges were received from Petaluma and Healdsburg, but were not accepted, as the dates coincided with league football games.

The school team has not been chosen. So Freshman Girls, you have as much chance as the others! All girls should come and practice Mondays and Wednesdays. Try for the team. We want a good one.

LICK-POLYTECHNIC GAME.

On October 24, a badly crippled football team from Lick journeyed to Alameda to play Polytechnic High. It was extremely hot on the field, and our team knew they would have to play hard and fast from beginning to end.

because Poly, for the first time since the earthquake, has a football team that can fight.

Our line-up was badly crippled, with Holt retired for good and Wittenmyer, Thornton and Michel not signed up. This put the two teams on about even footing, and many thought it a toss-up between the teams. The support was not as good as it might have been, but at the kick-off a large Ali-Be-Bo rolled out from the grand stand and the boys set to work with a will.

We kicked off to Poly and they advanced the ball a short distance. They tried to gain their yards, but failed and punted. Lick received the ball and advanced it nearly to the goal line, but lost it on downs. Poly punted out of danger, and through a misjudgment by one of our players, a Poly man dropped on the ball. They tried a trick play, which was to have been a short-end kick, but Randall blocked it, and then our "Johnny on the spot," otherwise known as "Fairy" Phillips, got the ball and ran fifty yards to a touchdown. The Lick rooting section almost shook the grand stand from its foundation. Holman failed to kick the goal.

Poly kicked off to us, but neither side came near scoring and the half ended with the ball near the center of the field. Score: Lick, 5; Polytechnic, 0.

When the whistle blew in the beginning of the second half Lick kicked off to Polytechnic, who rushed the ball down the field only a little distance. Finally they were forced to punt. Lick received the punt and began going down the field, but when near Poly's goal line, they met a stone-wall defense, losing the ball on downs, which was soon near the center of the field. Upon receiving the ball, our boys started on a series of plays down the field. The result was a touchdown which greatly appeased the Tiger's appetite. Holman kicked the ball over the goal, making us eleven points to the good.

The rest of the game was featureless, the ball staying near the middle of the field, with neither side dangerously near scoring. Final Score: Lick, 11; Polytechnic, 0.

LICK VS. LOWELL.

On the morning of October 31, the Lowell football team lined up against our eleven. Lowell hoped to beat us this year in order to wipe out the score of 17 to 0 that we made last season.

The field was muddy and Lowell outweighed us, but these disadvantages did not seem to hamper or bother the team, and the black and gold admirers saw us again down the red and white.

The rooting section did the best yelling they have thus far done this year and certainly deserve credit for it. They outyelled Lowell, although outnumbered, and the spirit was excellent. We had the same team that defeated Poly the Saturday before and they looked for a hard tussle to win.

Lick kicked off to Lowell, who ran the ball in about fifteen yards. They tried bucking and succeeded in working the ball to the middle of the field. Here they lost it on downs and Lick played until they had reached Lowell's twenty-yard line. This was accomplished by much open play and team work. Holman tried a place kick, which, as fate would have it, struck the upright of the goal and bounced back into a Lowell player's hands. He nearly got around for a touchdown, but Smith tackled him. Lowell lost the ball on downs and Lick almost reached the goal for the second time, only to lose the ball on downs. Lowell bucked us to the middle of the field and lost on downs. Lick began to repeat their long gains, but the whistle blew for the end of the half. Score, 0-0.

At the beginning of the second half our boys started things with a rush. They received the kick-off from Lowell and quickly gained the forty-yard line, but things began to look doubtful when the third down had been reached and

not much gained. Holman dropped back for a punt, but in the meantime Murray gave a signal for a forward pass. Holman received the ball and made a perfect forward pass to Murray, who ran down the field behind fine interference and planted the ball between the goal posts. Holman kicked the goal.

Lowell kicked off and the ball was played for many gains by the Lick team, and Lowell's goal was dangerously approached several times, while the Lick goal was never in danger. The half ended with the score, Lick, 6; Lowell, 0.

A. A. L. SWIMMING.

Although a one-sided affair, the swimming meet was very interesting. Lowell's team carried off the honors, winning all the events, including the relay. Tom Laine, Lowell's star, tied his own record in the 100-yard dash.

The relay was somewhat of a disappointment. Our team took only third place. However, every man swam his best and no blame can be laid on them. Lowell's team was certainly a good one, lowering our record 41.5 seconds.

Our members who took places were: Captain Dill, third in the 100-yard dash; Margo, third in the 440; Steele, third in the half-mile.

BASEBALL.

Baseball is beginning to command the attention of the school. As the season advances, football is replaced by the spring sport. Captain Kirby has called for recruits and the squad now numbers thirty-five. Games have been arranged for by Manager Herrmann and the men will be kept busy until Christmas.

A new system, designed to eliminate trouble regarding scholarship requirements, will be tried next season. About the middle of February the manager will investigate the scholarship standings of all candidates for the team. Those whose eligibility is questionable will be notified, and if their work does not improve within a week, they will be dropped. This has been devised in order to prevent the men who will not be eligible to play in the league games from securing undue attention. It seems to provide a suitable method for solving the scholarship problem.

LICK VS. WILMERDING.

The championship for the sub-league was finally decided on November 4, when Lick met Wilmerding. We had fought Wilmerding to a standstill in the first game of the season, had, in the face of seemingly insurmountable difficulties, kept at the top, and now the final deciding struggle was to occur.

It was an entirely different team from the one which played the first game with Wilmerding. Five of our best men were incapacitated or not signed up. But the team went in with the spirit that wins, and supported by a frenzied host of black and gold rooters, fought their way to victory.

Lick kicked off to Wilmerding. Neither side at first carried the ball for large gains. However, by a trick play and a long buck, Wilmerding's goal was crossed for the first time this season. Holman kicked the goal.

During the remaining part of the first half, Holman punted nearly every time Lick secured the ball, and kept the play mostly in Wilmerding's territory. The half ended with the score: Lick, 6; Wilmerding, 0.

The second half found both teams fighting hard. Wilmerding in desperation fought to cross our goal line. Several times the hearts of the black and

gold supporters rose in their mouths. But each time the roll of "Hold-'em, Lick," came across the field to encourage the team, and they held.

Lick played almost continually a defensive game, and Holman's punting was a feature. Wilmerding was very slow in the backfield, but Trowbridge's line-bucking and all around playing placed him far above his teammates.

There were other stars, but above all shone our gritty quarter-back, Keith Murray. Always in the thick of the fight with encouragement to the team, his work is worthy of especial commendation.

The game proved listless and uninteresting after Lick's touchdown. Time out was repeatedly necessary for injured players. The Lick team, still feeling the effects of the Lowell game, did not use the brilliant offensive tactics they used against their red and white opponents. But the Lick spirit was behind them, and Wilmerding failed to cross our goal. The game ended with score: Lick, 6; Wilmerding, 0.

Interclass Sports

Football was perhaps the most interesting and hotly contested of the interclass series.

The final game came between '09 and '10. The game was close; not until the second half did either team succeed in scoring. Finally, Salbach, of '09, got through the line and ran half the length of the field to a touchdown; the only one of the day, thus deciding that the Seniors should be the first to have their numerals on the interclass cup.

Field Day.

On the day of the interclass field day, the football team had a practice game. This somewhat weakened the teams, especially that of '10. Nevertheless, the meet was one of the best and most interesting in the history of the interclass. The management deserves much credit for the ease and rapidity with which they ran the events.

First honors were captured by the Seniors, with the Juniors a close second, while the Sophs and Freshies brought up the rear.

Swimming.

In the swimming tournament held at Sutro Baths, '09 again succeeded in capturing the greatest number of points, with '10, '11 and '12 following in succession. The events were not only interesting from the close competition of the races, but from the new material shown. The meet has at last accomplished its purpose—to develop men for the school team.

Basket-Ball.

An early interclass series has been played in order to select candidates for the big team. After a close and hard battle, '10 defeated the Seniors for the championship.

McHenry and Woods, both '11, showed good ability with ample grit and

strength, while Woods, Creighton and Daniels of '10, with their speed and team work, showed that they would be strong factors in making up the big team. These with others and such veterans as Holt, Salbach, Felt and "Captain" Worth, there is no doubt that Lick will again be strong upon the floor.

Lick vs. Alameda.

Lick met Alameda on November 21, to decide the championship of the Academic Athletic League. Alameda was expected to win the game without an effort, but it did not turn out according to "dope." We were outweighed fifteen pounds to the man, but no amount of weight could thwart the determination and perseverance in our wiry team when they had the school behind them.

In yelling we easily outclassed our rivals; our yelling was without question the best of the season. As the players went upon the field a shower of confetti filled the air, and when this settled several of the fellows wearing yellow caps and capes formed a big block "L" amongst the rooters.

Lick kicked off to Alameda, who ran the ball to the center of the field. We secured the ball on a fumble and by a series of plays reached her thirty-yard line. Then Holman tore through the line and in less than four minutes of play we had scored a touchdown. Holman kicked an easy goal.

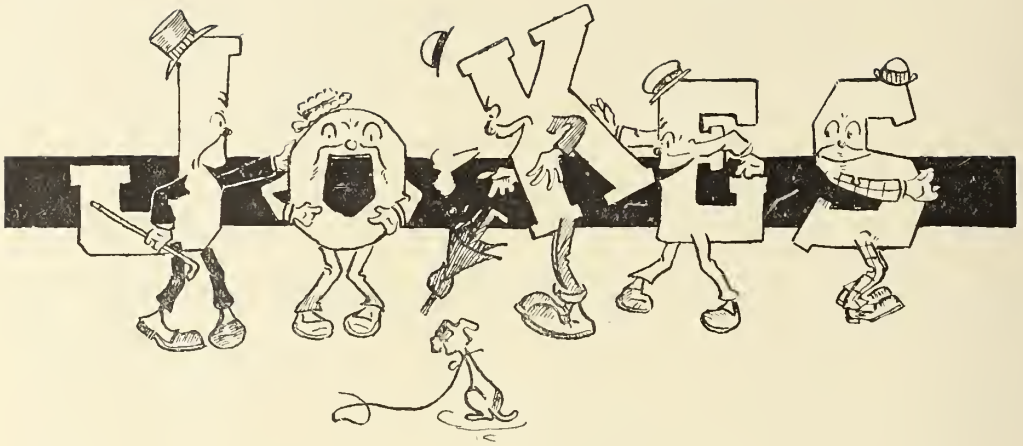
The remainder of the half was a defensive game for us. Twice did Alameda get within our ten-yard line, but lost on downs and we kicked out of immediate danger. However, our five-yard line was again reached and in another buck crossed. There was much question concerning the validity of this touchdown. It is claimed by our men and admitted by the officials that it was on the fourth down that Alameda made their touchdown.

The game was protested, not because of any illegality on the part of Alameda—for they played an admirable game—but upon the incorrect decision of the officials. At the time this goes to press the outcome of this protest is unknown.

Alameda kicked the goal and soon after the half ended with the score, 6-6.

The second half opened with a rush; each side tried their best to score. However, with but a few notable exceptions, the game was listless. Alameda approached our goal several times, but we were able to kick out of danger. They tried two place kicks, but failed. Padilla made a fine run and nearly succeeded in getting through for a touchdown. The half ended with the ball in Alameda's territory. Score, 6-6.





In History—"Have we any way to cut down revenue?"
 "Certainly; what do you suppose we have a revenue cutter for?"

Among the Janitors.

"Hey, Kellogg! Kellogg! Wake up! There's some one in the cooking room eating the preserves."

"Well, why should I care," grumbled Kellogg, rolling over, "as long as they don't die near the school."

"Mamma," said Bert, "won't I ever grow tall?
 Will I always be so inconceivably small?"
 "Mamma," said Bert, "so hard I've tried,
 And still with my lot I'm dissatisfied.
 In the school yard, the Freshmen want me to play,
 And Freshman class dues, I'm asked to pay."
 When on the field, they take me for the ball
 And in a crowd, Ma, I'm not seen at all.
 The straps in the street car are hung up so high,
 I have to hang on to some one standing by.
 I have thought and thought, and at last have a plan,
 Hallowe'en, I'll capture the pumpkin man.
 I'll say, when he grants me that wish as of yore,
 'Please, man, may I grow just a little bit more?'"

ROSE LITTLE, '09.

Heard at the Rally.

President Hupp (glancing up at '10 boys)—If there are any fellows who have not taken up girls' athletics, please see Miss Menzel.

Cupid's Passion.

On being requested by some of the love-struck '11 boys for a definition of love, I sincerely submit the following: "Love is a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a lot of lying."

WANTED—By Professor William Jennings Beatty, students to take his world-renowned course in extemporaneous rally oratory and in elocution and appropriate gesticulation. Professor Beatty is known throughout the entire modern civilized world for his marvelous spell-binding propensities. The Professor rests upon his laurels and his past records. Guarantees conviction at one hearing of his weekly harangues at our monstrous mass-meetings. Any one interested in the above should communicate at once with the Professor or his noted German secretary, Herr Bock-da-hool-a-haus.

Consolation.

Mechanical drawing is annoying,
 Freehand is just as bad;
 Geometry is a puzzle to me,
 And trigonometry makes me mad.

Now, chemistry is all Greek to me,
 And Algebra is the limit;
 Arithmetic just makes me sick,
 And in debating, I am not in it.

Remember the English Drop Their "H's."

Lawton (to saleslady evidently not long from England)—I want an initial stamp to impress on sealing wax.

Saleslady—Oh! and what letters do you want?

Lawton—"L."

S.—'Ell? Did ye say ye want to spell 'ell?

L.—No, No. I want an L.

Facial Approbation.

Miss K. (in history)—How do the members of Congress voice their approval or disapproval of a bill?

Jones (the brilliant)—By "eyes" and "nose."

You can push a pen, but a pencil must be lead.

UNDER THE CIRCUS TENT.

By Beatty
Winter &
Watt



Side Slams!

II.—Under the Circus Tent.

Step lively! Ladies and gents—get into your places “quickly, please”! The performance is about to begin.

A-h-h-h! Here in the first ring is our great equestrian artiste, Mlle. Hodges, in her famous bareback ride. The first feminine in the company who has been able to handle that famous race-horse, “Rally Speech,” who has gotten away with more than one good man in his day. (Witness the discomfiture of “Spike.”)

On the next stage we find the clowns. Who is that one dressed as a Kodak, leading the “Imitation Craze”? (Apologies to the “Girl Question.”) Why, that is Staff Photographer Watt! Didn’t you know that? He’s THE all-important man on the job—everyone’s raving over his rear-end views of football heroes, and he’s the only licensed originator of the unsurpassed “Bock-da-hool-a-haus” pompadour wool-clip!

The chorus which he leads is famous from Nordland to Florodora. The one on the end is “Tiger” Randall; the second, “Convict 999” Layton; in the middle is “Spike” Wittenmyer; next comes Cy. Wilder, and, lastly, “Babe” Erskine. Applications are coming in every day for a place in the chain gang, and our instructor is forced to rule out many as imitators.

One step further, please, and we find Little with his trained tigers. Watch “Smiling John” with the pump-handle motion—“Now, fellows, when I stretch out my hand, GET INTO IT!” And listen to the mighty ear-splitting response of the “Tigers.”

Pa-Dilla will now startle the public with some hairbreadth leaps on his patent trapeze, “Public Opinion.” Some doubt has been cast upon its stability, but so far our daring performer has suffered no serious setbacks.

Directly in defiance of the child theatrical law, we see a number of babies trying to perform on the “Lick Standard” bar, and already quite a number have fallen off. It is due to humanity that this law be enforced, and it is our hope that the age limit will hereafter be vigorously maintained!

Clear the track—clear the track! The band’s playing “Jungle Town,” and the races are about to commence!

Yep! Here comes “Staccato” Hammond, doing the hurdles and balancing a couple of joke books on the end of his nose. What’s that in his hand? Why it’s the Glee Club—“WanterjointheGleeClub? Comeonoverandtryout! Yeh! Isingsecon’base! Watchewgoin’tersignupfor?”

There’s Wynne after him, toting his vaulting pole! The only three-legged boy in school! Jumps ‘em! Runs ‘em! Eats ‘em alive! S-P-E-C-I-A-L attraction!

And Dickson the Doughty! The ONLY (?) speedy short-distance runner in the world (and Oakland). Hit the high spots, old man—there’s a block “L” in it!

Yes, this clown in back, is “Spider” Lutz, with his water-bucket, practicing his next rally speech! He expects to be a great orator some day—if he can ever remember a speech long enough to forget it!

Now listen to the band (the Lick-W. S. I. A.?????) hit it up a notch or two—for over there in the distance we see the football team in the last lap of

the league chariot race—hit it up, old sports—and HOL-LL-E-R-R-R! you guys in the grand stand! We will win! Listen to the rooters go mad.

A-h-h-h! The first strains of the Exeunt march come to our ears—it must be all ov——! But what is that dust cloud over there in the corner? I didn't know there was anyone around school who could raise so much disturbance! It must be the "Senate" on a warm day, or a Gans-Nelson prize fight!

Well, all's done! And as we pass along the side of the tent, past the refreshment booth, where we see Boxton peddling tickets to a football game, we come to the entrance of the side show tent, where we hear Beatty barking away its special attractions. We stop for a moment to listen, and feel like hollering "Oh! Rot!!" but on second consideration, buy admittance tickets for the March issue.

Just DONE! by Willard Beatty, who wrote it; Winter, who drew the cartoon; and Rolla Watt, who sat still and looked on!

One On the Cooking Room.

On Founder's Day (excited lady bustling through crowd at chemistry door)—Is this the cooking room? Oh, how nice! But where are all the girls?

A Bum Jhosch.

Freshman (to Joke Editor)—I have a joke for THE TIGER.

J. E.—Hurrah! But wait; quick, tell me, does it concern any of our faculty?

F.—No.

J. E.—Does it concern Easton's Block L or Padilla's hair?

F.—No.

J. E.—Does it concern our chance of winning the academic in swimming this year?

F.—Nope.

J. E.—And it doesn't apply to pies, cornucopias or any other variety of delicate edibles?

F.—No.

J. E.—Then gi'me it quick; it must be a new joke.

Barieau—Hey, I only got a few steps in that dance. I didn't get my money's worth.

Gatekeeper—Well, it was only supposed to be a two-step anyway.

Between an optimist and pessimist,

The difference is quite droll;

The optimist sees the doughnut,

And the pessimist sees the hole.

This simple truth also holds good in the case of an over-due transfer.

There is a young fellow named Bell,

Who always has troubles to tell;

From History he's banned,

Or from Dutch he's canned,

Till it's nearly perpetual yell.

One of our important periodicals tells of an Indian, on hearing his first record on a phonograph, exclaiming: "Pale face, him can fruit, him can meat, him can noise, pretty soon him can man." This last stage of canning has been very successfully demonstrated by our faculty.

The Burglar.

A cautious steal around, he stole;
The bag of clink he chunk;
And many a wicked smile he smole
And many a wink he wunk.

Superfluous Noise.

President Hupp—We will now have a few remarks from Russell Noyes.
P. H. (after R. N. concludes)—Now Dick Noyes will tell us why we should win.

Voice from the audience—Hey, Hupp, too much noise.

Dedicated to Professional Printers.

"May I press a kiss to your lips," I cried;
She nodded her sweet permission;
So we went to press,
And I rather guess
We printed a large edition.—Ex.

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From Our Feminine Correspondent.

Second thoughts are best?

Man was God's first thought, and woman his second.

Hazel (tired out)—Oh, "Ing!" won't you carry me; I'm nearly dead.

Ing (brilliantly)—If I did I'd have an arm full of "Hazel Twiggs."

At the Ferry, waiting for a car, stood a Lick maiden and her football hero, with his suitcase beside them. More than once blushes were brought to her cheeks by the shrill cry of "Hotel, sir!"

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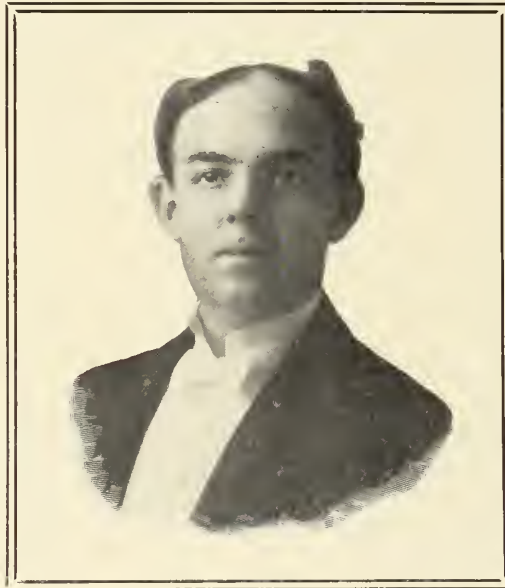
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TIGER THOUGHTS.

Here is this grinding task again,
I woefully sighed, I grasp my pen.

Here have I sat far in the night,
But cannot think of what to write.

Things seem now brighter; I have one line,
But cannot think of a word to rhyme.

At last said I, "Well, I don't care;
I'll give this up in frank despair."

"This is but Friday night," I said,
"I'll write to-morrow night instead."

Saturday.

Oh, this has been a glorious day;
'Tis hard to start work after play.

I have not much to do, you know;
'Twill only take an hour or so.

It needs not to be done to-night;
If done to-morrow, 'twill be all right.

Sunday.

Tired? Why, I'm almost dead,
I can but hardly raise my head.

And still there's Tiger-work to do,
But that I can quite quickly do.

To-morrow, earlier I'll rise;
My story sure will cause surprise.

Monday.

Oh, here I am behind again!
So hard I've rushed, I don't know when.

Began this morning late, you know;
Besides the cars moved terribly slow.

Some paper, please, a pencil, too;
See, in two seconds, what I'll do.

There goes the bell; 'tis surely time
To write something, if but a line.

By faithful work of students here,
We get a book to give us cheer.

But should you do as I've done here,
I'm 'fraid 'twould end our "Tiger" dear.

ROSE LITTLE, '09.

SAY BOYS!

Do you belong to the

Cornell Athletic Club

If Not, Why Not?

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